

High On You by [camerasparring](#)

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Summary:

It only takes two days for Richie to tell the rest of the Losers that Eddie wants to try smoking weed, and Eddie can't even pretend to be mad when they end up deciding on the next Friday get-together to put the plan into action. He's far too excited.

He runs a few errands without Richie, stuffs the evidence in their sock drawer and begins scrubbing every surface in the house to distract him from the promise of new things lying in wait.

High On You

Author's Note:

Here I am agaaaaaaaain, back on my bullshit. This is always for Heather, she comes up with such good prompts that I write 8500 accidentally in one day.

This can be read as a stand-alone, but it's in the same universe as the rest of Sex House and it's a lot more of the same but somehow... dirtier? It just keeps getting more filthy as I go on, so I have no idea what the future holds, but it's definitely at least two more of these puppies.

They smoke some weed, hang with their friends and have tons of sex. Enjoy!

It was mostly unplanned.

And for Eddie, that means he didn't know exactly during which Friday get-together it would happen.

Everything else had been talked out.

Richie had been smoking weed for awhile. Only a few times in the new house, and usually by the pool, because Eddie hates that thing anyway, so he doesn't give a shit if he got ashes or weed particles anywhere. The smell isn't horrible, Eddie doesn't hate it like some people do. In fact, he starts to associate the smell with a lazy and frankly, really fucking *adorable* Richie, but he doesn't like to admit that too often lest their whole house be constantly filled with a ploum of cannabis.

Instead he turns up his nose and groans at the clouds of smoke and then seats himself in Richie's lap. He soaks up the hands rubbing heavy lines all over his body, the slow lips against his and the curious tongue in his mouth, under his jaw, and eventually, all over the rest of him.

They've had sex only a couple times while Richie was high, but both times were *really* fucking good. Inhibitions completely down, Richie makes a lot more noise. And that's saying something, because Eddie's husband is a fucking chatterbox, but this is *different*. Richie usually doesn't have a filter, but when he's high it's like his body can't help but expel noises, breathy moans and loud groans and heavy panting. It drives Eddie mad. He loves hearing Richie talk, and he does that, too, but the rest feels like an adorable bonus. So it was only a matter of time before Eddie wondered what sex would be like with both of them high.

Eddie remembers trying weed a few times in college, always with his dorm-mate, Harry, who in hindsight, with curly brown hair and long, gangly limbs, reminds him a lot of Richie. He doesn't like to think about the more-than-a-few-times he thought about leaning in to kiss Harry after their hands met passing a joint back and forth. All the wasted time denying himself what he really wanted burns like acid in his throat now. It collects a swell of courage in his chest, what used to be shame now motivation. He pushes through paranoia and anxiety and fear of infection and death and faces it head on as best he can.

It only took two years of therapy, a big, supportive group of friends and a healthy, reciprocal marriage. He hasn't had a panic attack in over six months, but he regularly has orgasms so intense he feels like he's ascended the mortal plane.

It surprises Eddie how shameless he is about what he needs and wants in bed with Richie. His first marriage was completely devoid of sexual (or any) honesty, but the first time he kissed Richie, it poured out of him like a dam broke in his heart. Richie touching him feels like the definition of honesty. It's so vulnerable and genuine, so loving and real in a way that burns Eddie from the inside out. He can't do anything but let it overwhelm him and know Richie will always keep him safe.

"Are you sure?"

Richie always asks, even when it's Eddie pitching an idea, excitement tingling in his belly. Eddie nods.

“Yeah, I know you get good shit and I wanna see what it feels like now that I’m not as trapped in my own head,” he says, not meaning it to come out quite as blunt as that. Richie pouts, and Eddie rolls his eyes.

“My little head-case.” Richie fluffs at Eddie’s hair. “You know I’d be honored to smoke you up, Edward, I just want a plan in place in case of extra-cute-freak-out-Spaghetti-mode.”

Eddie brushes his hair back into place and feels his cheeks heat.

“You... want to plan?”

Richie rolls his eyes.

“Yeah, man, we’ve been married awhile, give me some credit,” he says, and Eddie tries not to smile, but fails miserably. “I know how to curate a good night for you, my anxious little string bean.”

“I do *not* like that.”

“Hush, I’m in planning mode. It’s a process.” Richie makes a show of pressing fingers to each temple, as if he’s drawing wisdom from the universe and not a moron who had an idea a few minutes before Eddie was about to pitch the same thing. Eddie smacks at Richie’s hands.

“Shut up, asshole, let’s plan this shit,” Eddie says, and is only kind of surprised when Richie listens.

They decide on a bong. Luckily Richie already has one, because of course he does. Richie assures him it’ll be less harsh on his throat and won’t get him as fucked up as a joint might. Edibles are out of the question, he says, they’ll try that alone sometime, because people have all sorts of reactions. Richie adds an addendum to roll a joint for the two of them after the party with the Losers, just in case.

Eddie tries not to squirm as Richie lays out a plan to make this a nice, comfortable and fun night for him, and promptly drags him to the bedroom as soon as they’re done to kiss him senseless and give him a long, drawn-out blowjob.

It only takes two days for Richie to tell the rest of the Losers that Eddie wants to try smoking, and Eddie can't even pretend to be mad when they end up deciding on the next Friday get-together to put the plan into action. He's far too excited.

He runs a few errands without Richie, stuffs the evidence in their sock drawer and begins scrubbing every surface in the house to distract him from the promise of new things lying in wait.

Six hours later, he watches Richie light a sparkly green bong, a spot of orange growing in size as he inhales gently. Smoke floods the chamber and is soon gone. Richie lifts his head from the mouth piece and exhales a stream of it, purposefully away from Eddie's face because he wants to ease him in slow, and Eddie feels his stomach stir again. He wonders if Richie actually went for the bong cause of how suggestive he looks using it. Or maybe he wants to watch Eddie. Either way, Eddie is full-on blushing by the time Richie's eyes focus on him.

When it's Eddie's turn, after Bev and Bill, he follows instructions from a calm-voiced Richie and only coughs a few times after taking a conservative hit. Richie looks proud. It's really stupid, they're doing drugs and Eddie only managed not to choke himself to death, but Eddie still fidgets in his seat while Richie makes eyes at him.

It rolls over him like molasses almost immediately. Logically, he knows he didn't smoke that much. But when his eyes get heavy and his mind swims and his limbs get tingly, he almost panics. He tries to settle into it, or at least hide the terror on his face, but Richie catches his eye across the room. Eddie pinches his eyes closed. Richie's hand is on his arm soon after.

"How's it feelin', Eddie?" His voice is still calm, and Eddie whines, the relief of a grounding touch on his arm relaxing him. He puts a hand on top of Richie's, and that feels even better.

"A little rocky," Eddie whispers, and Richie hums, "but this helps." He pats at Richie's hand, and Richie smiles, and Eddie's not too high to keep in the gasp. He's a little light-headed, but it's edging into not-too-bad territory, especially with Richie crouched down next to him, guiding him back to control.

“Good, babe,” Richie brushes at the hair on Eddie’s forehead and Eddie leans into the touch. “I’m gonna get us both some water, but you hold steady there, my tiny chickpea.”

Eddie opens his eyes to Richie’s cheesy grin, and he would be mad if Richie weren’t so fucking transparent.

“Nice try, asshole.” Richie waves a hand at him and stands up. Eddie grabs at his wrist, eyes pleading.

“You’ll be back?”

“Course, Eds,” Richie says, eyes so fucking soft it dissolves Eddie into mush. He looks up and nods toward Bev and a sober Ben on the couch. “Why don’t we transplant you, my man? You can chat up stoned Beverly and brag about how much rockin’ dick you’re both getting on the regular.”

Eddie groans and Ben joins him, just as Bev yells, “Hell *yeah!*”

Richie takes the living room in two, long steps to slam a high-five onto Bev’s willing palm and Eddie gets out of his chair just to elbow him hard in the side. Richie hisses, still beaming. Eddie can’t help but press a kiss to his dumb cheek and usher him off to the kitchen to get drinks.

“Join me, young Edward,” Bev says in a British lilt, and Eddie considers returning to his chair. He probably would if the couch didn’t suddenly look like the most comfortable piece of furniture to ever exist. His body falls into it without another thought, and he sighs.

“One, I am *barely* younger than you, but thank you for never letting me forget it, and two, do you turn into Richie when you’re high? What’s with the voice?”

Bev giggles and Eddie finds himself leaning in closer. They’re both in t-shirts, and their arms brush as he moves, and her skin is so soft that he almost forgets he asked her a question until her honey-sweet voice fills his ears.

“Fuck, I don’t know. I don’t get high very much, I’m letting it fly,”

she says, and her hand finds Ben's thigh on the other side of her. She rubs it up and down, and Eddie watches the movement with rapt attention. "Touching feels good, I gotta do more of that." Bev's eyes light up like she discovered a new element and it's whatever Ben's pants are made of. Or maybe she can actually *feel* his skin under there, Eddie thinks. Then he realizes he's *pretty* fucking high.

He runs with it on Bev's advice, and takes her other hand in his. Their fingers interlock, and they both stare in surprise.

"Does that feel like magic, or is it just me?" She says, eyes wide. Eddie nods, his fingers prickly against her skin.

"Yeah, it's pretty good."

Richie reappears from the kitchen, a full glass of water in either hand, one of which he places on the table next to Eddie. He kisses the top of Eddie's head and Eddie smiles up at him, feeling it down to his toes.

Eddie only takes a few more hits over the course of the evening, but he maintains a heavy buzz and it feels good. Richie checks in on him regularly. Bev holds his hand for almost two hours until Ben asks her to dance. Mike takes her place, and he's only had a few drinks, but he lets Eddie mumble to him about how nice their hands feel together and rest his head on Mike's shoulder. Music floats over them and Eddie focuses his blurry eyes on Richie on the "dance floor," also known as their dining room with the table folded up against the wall.

He and Bill are slow dancing to some stupid 80's song, something Ben always requests they play when they're all together. Eddie usually doesn't mind because it means Richie will be all pressed up against him, swaying them together with no shame in front of their closest friends in the world. It's one of his favorite things, but he still couldn't pick the song out of a line-up. This time, Eddie's been replaced, and it stirs some deep, jealous reaction he's never felt before.

Richie has pretty much always had eyes for Eddie. He's got a whole repertoire of your-mom jokes, he hits on the rest of the Losers

regularly, and some of his fans *definitely* want to get in his pants in a way that truly disturbs Eddie, even if he 100% sees where they're coming from. But Richie always finds his way back to Eddie like they're two magnets, too much distance uncomfortable for them both. His eyes find him in every crowd, his hand always reaching out to pull him closer, his body leaning a little heavy in his direction. It's been a little while since Eddie's taken it for granted, but he watches Richie and Bill dance, pressed tight together, and feels like an idiot for not remembering every single time Richie has touched him.

Bill holds Richie tight, his eyes red like Eddie's, just short enough to tuck his head under Richie's jaw. Richie clutches him back, eyes closed, singing along to the music. Eddie's eyes rake down the line of both of their bodies. He squeezes at Mike's hand.

"It doesn't even matter," Eddie mutters, and Mike crowds in closer to hear him.

"What?"

"No, nothing."

"Are you..." Mike says, looking up to watch everyone dance. Eddie shakes his head.

"No, I am absolutely nothing."

"...you seem like a lot of something."

"Michael, *shush*."

"You're the one grumbling over there. I'm minding my business."

"You are decidedly not. Don't make me stop holding your hand."

"I think you've greatly misread the situation here, Eddie." Mike looks down at both of their hands, where Eddie is desperately white-knuckling them together. Eddie sighs. All his defenses are down. It was scary at first, but now he's pretty sure he's fine with Mike knowing he likes holding his hand.

"Don't sass me, Mike, you're into this just as much as me." Mike

laughs, grabbing at his belly, and Eddie lights up with joy. Mike unhooks their fingers and replaces it with his other hand, throwing the original arm around Eddie's shoulders. He squeezes them closer together, and Eddie feels so warm and happy he could burst. Touching so freely like this is something he thought he just enjoyed with Richie. But being close to Bev, being held by Mike, it's also a sense of safety and trust that rounds him out.

They watch as Bill and Richie separate when their song ends. Richie pecks the top of Bill's head with a kiss, like he always does to Eddie, and Eddie tries to shake off the swell of jealousy that returns.

This is *stupid*. Richie is always touchy-feely. It's just who he is. And it's never bothered Eddie before. All of them are close, touching is a part of their *thing*. Most of it is platonic, save for the actual couples in the group, and if Eddie is being completely honest, sometimes they all end up cuddling in a tangled bunch after a night of drinking. Or on movie nights, when they're all in their pajamas and they have to fit six people around one... 70 inch television.

Okay, so they're a clingy mess of a group.

But Richie never *holds* anyone but Eddie.

Eddie shakes out of his own head to see Richie approaching him, easy smile on his face.

"Well I'll be, if this isn't the cutest cuddle I ever did *see*," he says in a strong, Southern accent, and Eddie laughs, burrowing deeper into Mike's arm. Mike pats at Eddie's shoulder.

"You left your man for too long, Trashmouth. I've moved in." Mike holds a possessive hand around Eddie's upper arm. Richie gasps.

"Another home-wrecker in the group," Richie says, a little too loud.

"Beep beep, Richie!" Ben yells from the kitchen, and Richie winks at Eddie.

"Takes one to know one," Eddie says, and Richie chokes with laughter. Eddie smiles and motions for Richie to sit next to him. Richie shakes his head and his whole body follows suit. Eddie tries

not to stare, even though they're married and he's perfectly within his rights. All wrapped up in Mike with a ball of green jealousy settling in his stomach, it feels strange.

"Promised Bev a dance," he says, wiggling his hips, and his jeans are *far* too tight for Eddie's thoughts to remain pure. Then Richie turns his back and Eddie's a goner, mouth watering at the sight of Richie's ass rolling away from him. He prays for another slow song, but then a loud and fast beat swallows the house and the rest of Eddie's resolve.

Eddie barely makes it through the whole song, the room zeroed down to the move of Richie's body to the music. He's not a good dancer, Eddie often teases him about it, but he's far too high to think about anything but Richie moving that like that underneath him, shaking with pleasure. His head is full of images, a smattering of memories and fantasies, his previously untrained brain full to the brim with dirty shit he can conjure up from experience or a nearly-there equivalent. Two nights ago, he was pressed down, face first, into this very couch, being rimmed within an inch of his life. His mouth waters at the thought of returning the favor. Right fucking *now*.

It's the first thing that's made him want to move out of Mike's grip, but Mike's also been yawning in his ear for the past ten minutes, so Eddie tries not to feel too guilty.

"I've gotta, uh, I need to... bathroom," he mutters, visions of his tongue laving over Richie's asshole, not sure why he even pretends to not want him every moment of every day. Eddie used to think of himself as "not that sexual a person." Now he's lucky if he goes a whole day without one surprise boner from seeing Richie bending over or crouching down or just... walking across the room. Richie's not wrong - he is an easy lay.

Eddie swears he can hear Mike laugh as he departs, but he ignores it in favor of dragging Richie off the dance floor and into the hallway, away from the commotion of the party. Everyone is slowing down a bit, even though it's barely 11pm, but it's a whole hour longer than most of their Friday nights last. And Eddie's night is just beginning.

Pressing Richie back into the wall, Eddie bites playfully at his chin. Richie laughs, wrapping his arms around Eddie's waist. Eddie's

stomach swoops happily, but he doesn't let it distract him. He lifts up on his toes so his lips are right against the shell of Richie's ear.

"Wanna fuck my tongue into you," he whispers, and Richie's hands grip into him, tight and quick. "So deep you'll beg for it. Wanna hold you down for *hours* and get my fill."

Richie's hips buck forward and Eddie feels the line of him, not hard yet, but Eddie's ready to change that as fast as he can. He feels Richie's breath against his neck, a steady pant, and he practically purrs.

"Then I want you to give it to me, nice and slow. Stay in me all night. I want to feel you, Rich, *god*, watching you has been too fucking *much*," he groans, and Richie meets it, catching Eddie's mouth in a kiss. They're practically grinding by the time Eddie pulls away, breathless and losing his high from the startling adrenaline of wanting Richie. Richie clears his throat twice before he can actually talk.

"This party is over," he says, flushed high on his cheeks, and then Eddie feels the chill of his absence before he hears Richie turn off the music a second later. A chorus of groans follow, and Eddie starts to head toward their voices when he hears Richie bellow over them all.

"My very small and *very* horny husband requires my attention, dear friends!" he yells, and Eddie buries his head in his hands, stopping short of being in view of the rest of them.

"Jesus, *Richie*," Bill groans, but it doesn't deter him. Eddie would wish for the sweet release of death if he weren't so fucking ready to shut Richie up by eating him out. The weed still lingers, a sexed-up fog between the cracks in his brain, and even Richie's sheer obnoxiousness can't tame it. Eddie knows what he likes, and what he likes is a boisterous and inappropriate 40-something comedian who's up for anything as long as it involves Eddie.

"Don't get jealous, Billiam, you and I had our time. Now it's time... to get out of my fucking *house*. Eddie has some dirty plans and I am loathe to disobey."

Eddie moves to stand in the doorway, shame burning at his ears but not enough to avoid saying goodbye to his friends. Plus, he's no longer tenting his pants.

Bev grins at him, throwing her arms around his neck in a hug.

"Get some, Eds," she says, and he coughs a laugh into her ear.

"The night is young, Beverly," he answers, feeling bold and happy, and she winks. Then she turns and launches herself into Ben, who waves goodbye at Eddie, now deep in a sloppy kiss. Mike and Bill hug him one after another, Bill looking put out and Mike squeezing him twice more than usual.

Richie follows after them to close the door, and Eddie burns with anticipation. Instead of tackling him or full on sprinting to the bedroom, like Eddie would have guessed, Richie turns to him, looking thoughtful.

"Now, don't get me wrong, Eddie, I want everything on the menu you laid out so poetically a few minutes ago," he starts, and Eddie's still blushing, because fucking *hell*, he wants it so bad his knees go weak. "But I think maybe we should partake in that joint first? I, for one, sobered up like a shot when my man whispered really fucking dirty nothings into my ear."

Eddie laughs and falls into Richie's arms, nodding.

"Good idea, Trashmouth." He feels Richie tense.

"Hey, I thought we agreed that was only permissible around the group." Eddie scowls.

"Don't get me started on preferred nicknames, Richie, it is a battle you will not win." Richie raises his hands in defeat, pressing his smile against Eddie's lips. Eddie kisses him carefully, sighing into his mouth.

"Okay, okay, point taken," Richie says between kisses. He's encircling Eddie completely, and Eddie feels wrapped up and warm and so in love he could cry. He knows the weed is making everything ten times more intense, but he'd be kidding himself if he said he didn't feel like

this on a daily basis. But this is no time to get sappy. Eddie's got *plans*, and Richie's only aware of some of them, and it sends a thrum of excitement through him.

Eddie breaks away and leads Richie into the bedroom, then out onto their patio, where they had agreed they would smoke the joint, since it leaves the strongest smell.

Watching Richie smoke a joint is much different than the bong. He lights one side and barely closes his mouth around the other, dragging smoke gently from it. There's a light breeze, and it means Eddie gets a faceful. He barely registers it, floating on the flow of billowy white between Richie's lips. His own hits go well, and he's focused so heavily on Richie that he forgets to worry if he's doing it wrong and instead just lets the high settle over him. They tangle their legs together as the joint slowly burns down.

"You good?" Richie asks, holding a small stub of what's left out for him to grab. Eddie waves it away, feeling light and in a hurry to get Richie out of his clothes.

"Yeah, yeah, I feel nice."

Richie puts it out in the ashtray on the table and gets up to go inside. Eddie joins him, his body a little sluggish, and he reaches to pull Richie against him as soon as the door is shut.

It doesn't take them long to enthusiastically fulfill part one of Eddie's plan.

Richie's been face down on the bed for about half an hour, moaning desperately into his pillow, halfway off the bed so Eddie can kneel between his legs. When Richie reaches a hand back to grip at Eddie's hair, Eddie finally stops licking at him and pushes the tip of his tongue inside.

"Oh jesus, *fuck*, Eddie." Eddie palms at his cheeks, pulling them apart so he can press in deeper, and Richie almost jerks from his grip. "Oh my god, Eddie, *fuck you*."

Eddie moves away and teases a finger around Richie's rim. He's slick

and soft, hot to the touch. Eddie wants to devour him whole. The buzz of his high makes Eddie hungry for him.

“Fuck, Richie, I want all of you.” It sounds so vulnerable when he says it out loud, but it’s true, and Richie moans with it, so Eddie licks back into him. His hands hold tight around Richie’s thighs, his fingers splayed, pulling him closer. He can’t get enough. Richie pushes back against his mouth.

“Can I touch myself?” he asks, and Eddie’s cock jumps at him wanting the permission. He pulls back again and replaces his mouth with a finger to keep Richie stimulated.

“Only if you can hold off. I’m nowhere near done with you,” Eddie says, voice low, tongue heavy in his mouth. He watches his finger circle Richie’s hole and licks around it, following the motions into a dirty pattern. Richie slams his free hand against the mattress but keeps it there. Eddie smiles into him, smug.

It took him awhile to get comfortable enough to rim Richie, but now it’s one of his favorite things. Both of them love being at each other’s mercy, and putting his tongue inside Richie is a certain kind of filthy that excites the hell out of Eddie. He loves it the other way around too, Richie between his thighs and sucking gently at him, always so loud and loving about it. But tonight, he wants to pull Richie apart, and this is a sure-fire way to start the process.

“I can’t, Eds, I’m gonna lose it,” Richie whines into his pillow, and Eddie keeps licking him, undeterred. He removes his finger from the mix, not wanting Richie to go off too soon. Richie sounds like he’s dying, a garbled ramble of noises spilling from his mouth.

Eddie works his tongue in deep over the next ten minutes, going a centimeter at a time, gripping at his ass and thighs. Richie takes it like a champ, and despite his grumbling, he’s chanting by the time Eddie is fully fucking him, in and out, back and forth while he pulls Richie’s hips against him.

“Eddie, yes, oh, *oh*, oh god.”

“Mmhm,” Eddie moans around him, spit dripping off his chin and

onto the bedspread between Richie's thighs.

"Are you-" Richie breathes, swallowing, "are you going to fuck me?" He's still panting, and Eddie wraps a quick hand around his own dick. Everything is a slow drag in the haze of his high, and he finds it easier to keep it together in the face of Richie's ass on a silver platter. He pulls off reluctantly.

"Actually you're going to fuck me," Eddie says, slipping in a finger, and Richie's whole body jolts at the intrusion. "But don't worry, I've got a plan for you."

"Oh, *oh*, fuck."

"Is the weed slowing everything down for you, too?" Eddie asks, adding a finger easily, twenty minutes of stretching Richie out with his mouth making it a smooth slide. Richie sighs, pushing up on his elbows to look back at him.

"Little bit, yeah, but you're kinda, *unf*, canceling it out by absolutely *ruining* me, Eds."

Richie's flushed almost head to toe, heaving with every breath and completely naked, stretched out for Eddie to claim. It's like all of his wet dreams come to life.

Eddie mouths at the small of Richie's back, licking a line down to where his fingers are moving in and out of him.

"You want something in you, baby?"

"Nnngh, god, *yes*," Richie answers, and Eddie's heart pounds. *God*, he's surprised he's not losing it, too. "Want it deep, Eds, *please*."

"Yeah," Eddie breathes, and his fingers leave Richie so he can reach toward their dresser. He slams open the sock drawer in a daze, digging around for the feel of the plastic bag he placed there earlier. When he finds it, he opens the bag, then the box, and throws the contents next to Richie on the bed so he can fuck his fingers back inside, missing the feel of him.

Richie gasps and shakes, pushing eagerly back onto Eddie's hand.

Eddie hovers over him this time, his erection sliding easily over the back of Richie's thigh.

"God, I wish I could keep my fingers in you while you fuck me," Eddie says, but picks up the plug and runs it over Richie's back. Richie's eyes snap open at the feel of it.

"Is that..."

"This will have to do," Eddie answers. He finally lets Richie see the butt plug he bought, long and black, flared out in the middle with a wide base.

Eddie's not sure why they haven't tried toys before, but a few weeks ago the conversation came up. They'd spent a long morning fucking with hands and mouths and suddenly the need to get Richie's come inside of him became a suffocating need Eddie had to voice. Condoms are pretty common for them during sex, just to make the clean-up easier, but Eddie isn't immune to the feel of Richie going off inside him, keeping him warm. Afterwards, Richie fingered him slowly and Eddie got hard for a second time, a rarity, and at the time, it felt like a miracle.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you're something of a come slut, Mr. Kaspbrak," Richie whispered in his ear, dragging a digit in and out of him.

"God, Richie, I like it in me," he had moaned, cheeks heating. He felt absolutely humiliated and so disgusting but Richie let him lavish in it, pushing his own come deep inside and stroking him to a second orgasm. Richie collapsed on the bed next to Eddie and they both tried to catch their breath.

"We gotta get you a plug," Richie said, and Eddie wanted to die with how much he wanted to be plugged up, Richie's come inside him for a whole day.

Tonight, he was looking for something else, but in the same ballpark. Richie seems game.

"Oh my god, tell me you got that online," Richie says, sounding

fucked out, and Eddie freezes.

“What? No, I bought it at the shop we always pass on the way to our breakfast,” he says, and Richie’s chest rumbles with a moan. Eddie’s fingers spread inside him, his free hand still gripped around the plug.

“You went to a sex shop *without* me?” His hips roll in a circle onto Eddie’s hand, and for a second, Eddie watches his fingers disappear, back and forth, mesmerized by how good Richie feels. “I would’ve given anything to see, *fuck*, to see you slinking through a sex shop. Baseball hat pulled low, oh my god, did you wear all black?”

Eddie angles his fingers up and pokes at Richie’s prostate.

“Oh *jesus*, Eds, have mercy.”

“Then stop making fun of me, Uncle Jesse.”

“Ugh, god, you know mentioning John Stamos in bed always gets me going,” Richie moans, and Eddie gives in with a laugh.

“I think you’re far past that, Rich.”

“Yeah, no kidding, I’m barely holding on here,” he says, his voice thin, and Eddie’s heart clenches.

“I really fucking love you, it’s kind of ridiculous.”

“You say that, but then you absolutely torture me in bed.”

The only comeback Eddie can manage is to find the lube and kiss over every inch of Richie’s back and ass while he slathers some all over the plug. Once he’s back on his knees, Richie spread out in front of him, stretched around three fingers, Eddie brings the plug in close. The tip slides in when his fingers leave, and Eddie pauses. He rubs at the Richie’s hip with sticky fingers.

“Ready?”

Richie punches out a groan and shakes his head, then presses up onto one knee to get some leverage. Eddie helps him into a comfortable position, keeping a hand to the small of his back. His dick brushes

against the outside of Richie's thigh and a syrupy flood of arousal hits him. He watches the expanse of Richie's back, a ripple of hard breaths and patched with sweat. He can't wait for Richie to get inside him. And he still needs to prep himself.

"Okay, okay, I'm good," Richie says, sounding a bit more calm. Eddie pushes at his hole with the plug, watching him swallow it eagerly. Richie's breathing is measured and he takes it inch by inch until the base is flush with his ass.

"God, that was hot," Eddie says, feeling more and more desperate as the moments creep on. He's still really high, the happy static in his head pressing at him around the edges. It feels like he could burst out of his skin, and when he tries to touch himself he's so sensitive he's not sure he won't come right there.

Richie's rolled over onto his side to watch him.

"You too close, babe?" Richie asks, voice dripping in sex, and Eddie almost laughs.

"Listening to you for the last hour drove me fucking crazy," he answers, feeling sappy.

"We can take it down a notch, if you need. Want you to live the stoned night of your dreams, Eds."

Eddie snorts, climbing onto the bed, lube in hand.

"Oh, don't think you're getting out of it that easy, Tozier." He pours some on his hands, afraid the thick feel of Richie's fingers could set him off.

"Your idea of easy almost killed me. You just put a plug in me after eating me out for an eternity. I'm still not sure how I haven't blacked out."

Eddie's barely listening, his own finger breaching his ass. Richie catches wind and reaches out to help, which really just amounts to him moaning at the tight give of Eddie's hole.

"See? It's so unfair," Richie breathes, a pouty whine, his pupils blown

wide.

"You can take it out of my hide once you get in me, asshole," Eddie snaps, and Richie shivers.

"*Fuck*," he whispers, almost to himself, pressing a hand to his brow, overwhelmed. Eddie watches him and groans at the feel of something finally in him. He thinks of the plug shoved up Richie and sinks down further.

"You owe me, you know," he says, trying to distract himself from how good it all feels. Richie stares at him. Eddie sees a bead of sweat run a line down his face. He wants to lick it off.

"Yeah, no shit, Eds," Richie scoffs.

"No, dipshit, for earlier," Eddie says, and he feels the truth stick in his mouth, but then Richie wraps a hand around himself and it all falls out. "For *holding* Bill."

Richie's breathing hard again, stroking himself slowly as Eddie works himself onto his own fingers. They must be a fucking sight together. Eddie wishes they were in the guest room with the ceiling mirror.

As for Richie, there's a pinch in his face that Eddie knows means he's concerned. Eddie decides he's ready and rolls over onto his side, his back to Richie's chest. He accidentally brushes against Richie's erection and feels a punch of breath against the nape of his neck. Richie's hands fly up to grip his hips. Eddie's in the cradle of Richie's pelvis and shaking with excitement, so turned on he can't think straight.

"Hold me, Rich," he says, pulling at Richie's arm so it wraps around him.

"*Eds*." Richie presses closer to him, the feel of him sliding between Eddie's wet cheeks too much for both of them.

"Oh god, get in me," Eddie cries, reaching back to help Richie into position. Richie kisses at his back, and Eddie gasps when he feels the tip of Richie's cock line up against him. Hands scramble in front of him to retrieve the lube, and a pool of liquid covers him within a few

seconds. He likes it wet, it makes everything so smooth, makes the slide so luxurious.

“Go slow. God, I want it slow.”

Richie pushes in, going slow like Eddie requested, pressing a hand low on Eddie’s stomach, holding him there.

“Yes, yes, oh yes, it’s g-it’s good.”

It’s gentle and also hard, and he’s been light-headed all evening but it’s nothing compared to this. Richie takes his time, he really fucking takes his *time*, and Eddie feels it all.

“You feel-”

“This is exactly what I wanted, Rich, my god.”

“Is it-”

“Keep going, keep going,” Eddie says, moaning, unable to shut up. “I feel you sliding in, Jesus, Richie, *fuck*, why is this so intense?” Richie tongues at a notch on his spine and moves forward another inch.

“Smoking, probably. It always intensifies everything for me.”

“I had no idea it would be this much.”

“I know, *fuck*, baby, I can feel the plug in me every time I move,” Richie says, and Eddie’s eyes almost roll back into his head as he finally bottoms out.

They stay still for almost a full minute. Eddie loves the feel of Richie stretching him out, settling in him, breathing heavy against the swell of his back. He loves sitting on Richie’s dick, keeping him inside, hot and hard and waiting to fuck him silly. Then Richie rolls his hips, just a little, and Eddie presses a hand over Richie’s where it sits low on his tummy.

“You fuck me so goooood,” he says, delirious, and Richie snorts.

“I’ve barely started, you horndog.”

Eddie groans. "Yeah, but it's already so good, Richie, I can't handle it. Never want it to end. Want you in me forever."

Richie's hips jolt at that, pushing him further into Eddie, if that's possible.

"I'll stay, I'll do it," Richie whispers, and Eddie's not sure he knows what he's saying, but he believes him. "You want me to start moving?"

"Just give it another minute. I like the feel of you."

Richie hums, hands moving up to stroke over the expanse of Eddie's chest. He stops at the big scar running down his middle and traces its shape.

"I like it too," he says, a sigh into Eddie's skin. Tears prick at the edge of Eddie's eyes. They feel so close, bound together, mixed up and lost in each other. Eddie wants this always, his mind floating through every second he feels Richie breathing against him.

Richie wraps a hand around Eddie's dick, flagging with the shock of something so deep and solid inside of him.

"Only wanna hold you, Eds, I promise." Richie's voice is shaky in his ear, his arm squeezing them together. Eddie wants to be kissing him, wants to see the look in his eyes, but he can't angle back far enough to achieve it. He lifts his hips instead, feeling the drag of Richie deep inside him.

"Fuck me slow, I want it slow."

"So you said," Richie says, punctuating it with a torturously slow slide out.

Eddie keens, whimpering. "Everyone with the sass. First Michael, now you."

Richie stops, and Eddie whines.

"Please don't bring up our friends in bed. I let the Bill one go, but now Mike?"

“Shut up, you idiot, you are literally balls deep in me and you think I want someone else?”

Richie finishes pulling out, almost all the way, and pushes back in just as leisurely. Eddie can feel every inch of him, all the way up to his throat.

“God, *no*, only you, only want you,” Eddie says, somehow answering his own accusation, and Richie chuckles, smug.

They move together like that for ages, just an indulgent and lazy grind of bodies. Eddie feels Richie’s hands all over him as he moves in and out, and he wonders if they can keep this up until the morning. It’s ridiculous, but Eddie never wants to let him go. Every few minutes, Richie will hold himself inside, catching his breath, calming himself down by memorizing the feel of them pinned together.

Richie describes his view in perfect detail, and Eddie swims in his words, a dark sea of pleasure.

“I love how you look around me, Eddie,” he gasps, fingering at where their bodies meet.

“Yeah, touch me, too,” Eddie says, encouraging, and Richie’s body racks with a shiver but he still presses a finger in alongside his dick.

“Baby, *fuck*, you’re amazing.” Richie’s voice is cloaked in wonder. Eddie’s chest swells from the praise.

“Does it feel good?” He asks, knowing the answer but wanting to hear everything Richie’s thinking, seeing and feeling.

“It feels perfect.”

“Tell me.”

“Ugh, god, you’re so tight around me. I can feel how soft you are inside, it’s like I know every part of you.”

Eddie can tell he’s still stoned, and it’s so genuine it cleaves his heart in two.

"It's not even over and I can't wait to do it again. Wanna be inside you every day for the rest of my life."

Eddie moans. "*Richie.*"

"Love hearing you, too, always sound so wrecked, like you just can't help loving it. Taking it so good. You should see how good you take me, Eddie, wish you could see."

"Me too, feels so good."

When Eddie feels Richie's hips twitch rather violently against his, he inches up a bit, angling his ass so Richie can fuck into his prostate.

"You can go harder, baby, ready for you to really give it to me." Eddie throws a hand backwards to paw at Richie's mop of hair, but he brushes fingers over his cheek instead, and Richie whimpers.

"*Yeah,*" Richie says, pulling the extra finger away and aiming for his sweet spot.

The first time he hits it, Eddie jolts like he's been struck by lightning. He reaches up to fist at his pillow. Richie's hand slips down from his stomach but Eddie holds him back.

"No, no, want you to make me come untouched," he moans, and Richie snaps forward to fuck him harder.

"*Shit,* tell me you're close, that just broke me."

Eddie can only nod as Richie nails his prostate with every thrust, his orgasm slowly building and threatening to break over him.

"God, I'm gonna come so hard inside you, baby," Richie says because he knows exactly what filthy shit Eddie loves, and Eddie practically howls. He bounces down onto Richie's dick, and Richie's mouth keeps running. "Gonna fill you up til you're dripping with it."

"Richie, do it, *please,*" he sobs, needing to come, the simmer of the whole night turning quickly into a full-fledged inferno.

Richie begins a punishing rhythm, fucking in shallow before pulling

back out again, focusing on that spot inside Eddie that makes him see stars. He's panting and groaning and crying out against Eddie's back, and when he wraps an arm back around Eddie's middle, pushing their bodies flush together, Eddie comes undone. Clenching hard around Richie, he can barely find his voice, vibrating out of his skin with how good it feels to have Richie moving relentlessly within him as he comes. His whole body prickles as he covers the bedspread in front of him with his release.

Just as he's coming down, Richie stutters in his thrusts, pulling Eddie's ass tight to him and filling him up to the brim. Eddie moans while it spreads inside him, and he wishes he could see himself stretched around Richie's beautiful cock while he comes apart. He would ask Richie to take a picture if it wouldn't immediately appear in the cloud, and if he thought Richie wouldn't be too fucked out to actually achieve it.

Richie stays there, holding him close, and Eddie loves the dig of Richie's fingers on his hips. He's still hard, still snug up inside of him. Richie licks a line up Eddie's sweaty back, and Eddie has a hard time being disgusted, considering everything else they've done tonight. In one hazy moment, Eddie wonders if it actually *is* still night. It's very possible they could have been fucking for days while the rest of the world passed them by.

"Don't pull out yet," Eddie says before Richie even makes a move to leave.

"Wasn't gonna," Richie answers. His fingers trace patterns against the skin on Eddie's arm.

Eddie shifts so he can feel Richie inside him. Everything is so warm and comfortable, and if he weren't positive he would regret it in the morning, he'd let them fall asleep like this. Maybe one day when they've prepared better.

"I'm starting to feel like the vanilla one in this relationship," Richie says, deep and breathy in his ear.

Eddie laughs. "I want to blame the weed, but we both know it's all me."

“Mmm, yes indeed.” Richie sounds tired but his hands press into Eddie’s thighs, lifting to look at where they’re fused together. He moans, softening inside. “God, I love your dirty mind.”

“I love how easily you follow my instructions. It’s very off-brand for you.”

“Blasphemy,” Richie pushes up, tangling their legs together to keep Eddie in place. Eddie catches sight of the cooling semen on top of their comforter and cringes. His buzz must truly be wearing off.

“I hate that you need to move in order for me to clean.”

Richie groans, sweeping his arm around Eddie again. Their skin is touching everywhere and Eddie burrows backward to soak it up while he can.

“Don’t worry, babe, I’ll fuck you again tomorrow.”

Eddie clenches around him. It forces a moan out of Richie and Eddie flushes warm.

“If you think after being in me for a literal hour I’m going to be able to get fucked again tomorrow you are sorely mistaken.”

Richie laughs, a high titter, and Eddie can feel the vibration deep.

“No, dear Spaghetti, I think you’re the one in for some *soreness*.”

Eddie rolls his eyes.

“Oh my god, get out of me. You’ve ruined it.”

“Noooooo,” Richie whines. Eddie can’t stop smiling but luckily Richie can’t see him.

“What did I say after the pool fingering?”

Richie sighs, his forehead pressing to Eddie’s back in shame.

“No more sexual punning.”

“Exactly,” Eddie answers, nodding, and Richie sucks a kiss onto the

back of his neck. Eddie wants to leave him to it, but the discomfort is hitting him quick. “Okay, really, I think the honeymoon is over. We need to move.”

“Nnngh,” Richie says as he finally pulls out, and both of them hiss at the absence he leaves.

Their usual routine plays itself out nicely, and when Eddie returns from cleaning himself up in the bathroom and throwing the comforter in the wash, Richie’s still splayed out on the bed, boneless and grinning. He kneels next to him and sees the handle of the plug peek out from between Richie’s cheeks. The black against the pale of his skin is mouth-watering. Eddie reaches out to prod at it and Richie’s hips buck in an aborted thrust.

“Ugh, Eddie, that was rude,” Richie moans, gripping at Eddie’s wrist to halt any further movement of the plug within him. “And here I was, dreaming up some romantic plans for the two of us.”

Eddie raises his eyebrows. “Oh? You seem to be on a planning kick lately. I must really be rubbing off on you.”

Richie opens and shuts his mouth under Eddie’s gaze. Eddie smiles.

“Anyway,” Richie says, pushing up onto his elbow, “you just so happened to use the word ‘honeymoon’ before and it got me thinking.”

Eddie blinks at him, his hand falling from teasing at Richie. A... honeymoon? It’s nothing they’ve really discussed, they got married at the courthouse and promptly participated in a sex marathon of sorts that Eddie figured covered it all. They’ve actually never taken a trip together before that didn’t include visiting their friends.

“You want to go on a honeymoon?”

Richie wiggles his eyebrows. His smile is blindingly beautiful, and Eddie’s head swims with images of stretching out on a beach, under an umbrella to keep out of the sun, of course, Richie’s hand in his and a Mai Tai in the other. It’s an idea he could certainly get used to.

“Yeah, I, uh,” Richie clears his throat, and Eddie realizes he’s a bit

choked up, “I thought it might be nice to get away. I never really, uh, asked. If you wanted one.”

Eddie smiles at how red Richie is turning, clearly flustered. It’s been a long time since he’s seen him like this. Nervous, wanting to impress Eddie. It’s frankly embarrassing and pleases him to no end.

“Why is your voice all shaky?” he asks, pushing playfully at Richie’s shoulder.

Richie glares at him.

“Fuck you, Spaghetti, you know my love for you sometimes overwhelms my senses,” Richie snaps, eyes watering, and Eddie’s heart soars. His husband just took care of him, gave him a wonderful night, fucked him for a solid hour, and now he’s offering him a honeymoon. It’s all too much. Eddie cups a hand around Richie’s cheek and tries not to let his own tears fall. Richie turns his face to press a kiss into his palm.

“Fuck you back, Rich,” Eddie says, in case Richie gets any ideas about how soft he is, “let’s do it.”

“This is *almost* as romantic as when I proposed and you told me to pull my own head out of my ass,” Richie sniffs, and Eddie rolls his eyes.

“You thought I would say no! You’re a fucking moron!”

“This is what I always imagined marriage would be like.”

Eddie kisses him, and Richie sighs into his mouth.

Honestly, this is way better than any marriage Eddie could have dreamt up for himself.

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading, seriously you sustain me, I hope you enjoyed! Find me on tumblr at [tinyangryeddie](#). :)